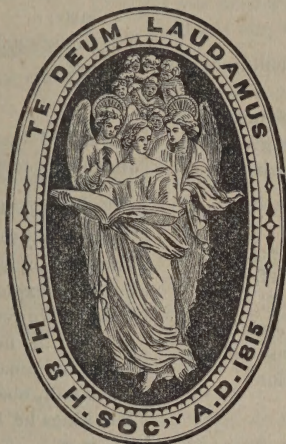


Inaugurated 1815.

Handel and Haydn Society.



THE WORDS OF HANDEL'S ORATORIO,

JUDAS MACCABÆUS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Boston Music Hall,

ON

SUNDAY EVENING, FEB. 9TH, 1873.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

M'me Erminia Rudersdorff.

Miss Alice Fairman.

Miss Carrie Brackett.

Mr. Nelson Varley.

Mr. Myron W. Whitney.

THE FULL CHORUS OF THE SOCIETY, ORCHESTRA, AND
THE GREAT ORGAN.

B. J. LANG, Organist.

CARL ZERRAHN, . . . Conductor.

Tickets, with secured seats, \$1.50 and \$1.00, according to location. The Oratorio will commence at 7 1-2 o'clock precisely.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

No more in Sion let the virgin throng,
With wild delusion pay their nightly song
To Ashtoreth, yclep'd the Queen of Heaven;
Hence to Phœnicia be the goddess driven!
Or be she with her priests and pageants
hurled

To the remotest corner of the world,
Ne'er to delude us more with pious lies.

AIR.

Wise men, flattering, may deceive you
With their vain mysterious art;
Magic charms can ne'er relieve you,
Nor can heal the wounded heart;
But true wisdom can relieve you,
God-like wisdom from above;
This alone can ne'er deceive you,
This alone all pains remove.

DUET.

O! never, never bow we down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone;
But ever worship Israel's God,
Ever obedient to his awful nod.

CHORUS.

We never will bow down
To the rude stock or sculptured stone;
We worship God, and God alone.

PART III.

AIR.

Father of Heaven! from thy eternal throne,
Look with an eye of blessing down,
While we prepare with holy rites
To solemnize the Feast of Lights,
And thus our grateful hearts employ;
And in thy praise
This altar raise
With carols of triumphant joy.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

O grant it, Heav'n, that our long woes may
cease,
And Judah's daughters taste the calm of
peace;
Sons, brothers, husbands, to bewail no more,
Tortur'd at home, or havock'd in the war.

AIR.

So shall the lute and harp awake,
And sprightly voice sweet descant run,
Seraphic melody to make,
In the pure strains of Jesse's Son.

CHORUS. (*Sopranos and Altos.*)

See the conquering Hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

DUET. (*Sopranos.*)

See the Godlike youth advance,
Breathe the flutes and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the Hero's brow divine.

GRAND CHORUS.

See the conquering Hero, etc.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH.

RECITATIVE.

Peace to my countrymen;
Peace! and Liberty!
From the great senate of Imperial Rome,
With a firm league of amity I come:
Rome, whate'er nation dare insult us more,
Will rouse in our defence her vet'ran powers,
And stretch her vengeful arm by land and
sea,
"To curb the proud and set the injured
free."

DUET.

O lovely Peace, with plenty crown'd,
Come, spread thy blessings all around.
Let fleecy flocks the hills adorn,
And valleys smile with wavy corn.

AIR. (*Bass.*)

Rejoice, O Judah! and in songs divine,
With Cherubim and Seraphim harmonious
join.

CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH. AMEN.